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CLIVE BARKER'S NIGHT BREED

PELOQUIN
GOES
WILD!

OBI



CLIVE BARKER'S NIGHT BREED

THE ONE THAT
GOT AWAY

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THEY ARE THE NIGHT-BREED, ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE LOST TRIBES OF THE MOON.



DO YOU KNOW WHY HE WOULD GO SO INSANE ABOUT A BERSERKER?

MMM. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BERSERKERS, CABAL?

JUST THAT THEY WERE MADE BY PARACELSUS, THE ALCHEMIST, FOR THE KAISER OF GERMANY IN WORLD WAR ONE.

THAT THEY WERE UNCONTROLLABLE. DANGEROUS.

THEY'VE GATHERED TOGETHER FOR PROTECTION, AND THE FULFILLMENT OF A PROPHECY. TODAY THEY GATHER FOR ANOTHER REASON, A REASON THAT CAUSES CABAL, THEIR LEADER, GREAT PAIN.



AND DID YOU THINK HE MADE THEM FROM SIMPLE STUFF, LIKE HE DID HIS MONOCULI?

DID YOU THINK THAT BAPHOMET, OUR GOD OR EVEN LYLEBURG, HIS SERVANT, WOULD LET JUST ANY CREATURE INTO MIDWAY? ESPECIALLY ANYTHING AS UNCONTROLLABLE AS THE BERSERKERS?

I DON'T SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.

YOU DON'T SEE AT ALL, CABAL. LET ME OPEN YOUR EYES.



ELDRITCH POWER FLOWS FROM THE NARVES OF MORGANLEVEN THE WITCH; FLOWS AND FORMS AND CLARIFIES INTO IMAGES THAT TELL A STORY...

IT WASN'T JUST SPERM AND HORSE MANURE THAT HE USED TO MAKE THE BERSERKERS.



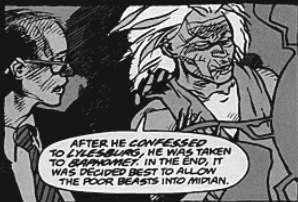
HE USED MEMBERS OF THE BREED TO MAKE HIS MONSTERS.



YOU'RE
KIDDING
ME...

THAT
SUX
SONUVA...

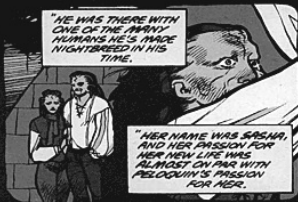
NOT MANY PEOPLE KNOW
ABOUT IT. YOU COULD IMAGINE THE
REACTIONS OF THE OTHER BREED
TOWARDS ANIMALS... IF THEY
HAD KNOWN...



AFTER HE CONFESSED
TO LYLESBURG, HE WAS TAKEN
TO BARNHART. IN THE END, IT
WAS DECIDED BEST TO ALLOW
THE FOUR BEASTS INTO MIDIAN.



PELOQUIN WAS
THERE, THE NIGHT THE
BERSERKERS WERE
BROUGHT TO MIDIAN.



"HE WAS THERE WITH
ONE OF THE ANIMAL
HUMANS HE'S MADE
NIGHTMARE IN HIS
TIME.

"HER NAME WAS SASHA,
AND HER PASSION FOR
HER NEW LIFE WAS
ALMOST ON PAR WITH
PELOQUIN'S PASSION
FOR HER.



"IT HAPPENED SO SUDDENLY,
ONE SECOND THE BERSERKERS
WERE CALM, THE NEXT ONE OF
THEM ATTACKED PELOQUIN.



"PELOQUIN MIGHT HAVE HAD
A CHANCE, IF HE'D BEEN
PREPARED TO ATTACK.



"FRANKLY, I DOUBT
IT. EVEN HE HAS
LIMITATIONS."





"SASNA WAS NEW AT BEING 'BREED'. SHE DIDN'T KNOW HER OWN LIMITATIONS, EVEN IF SHE AD, I DON'T THINK IT WOULD HAVE MATTERED.



"SHE WAS LOYAL ONLY TO PELOQUIN. SHE TRIED TO SAVE HIM.



"NO ONE KNEW WHAT TO DO. EVERYONE WAS UNCERTAIN JUST WHAT THESE BEASTS WERE CAPABLE OF.



"IT TORE SASNA LIMB FROM LIMB, BEFORE ANYONE COULD REACT.

"BY THE TIME PELOQUIN HAD HEALED ENOUGH TO MOVE, THEY HAD BEEN LOCKED AWAY.

"HE DIDN'T EVEN SEEM AFFECTED BY HER DEATH. BUT HE STARTED TAKING EVERY 'BREED THAT HE COULD TO BED, WITH A RENEWED VIGOR.

"EVEN PARACELSUS, THE MAN WHO CREATED THE BEASTS WAS TOO STUNNED TO REACT. THE BERSERKER WAS BEYOND HIS CONTROL."



I KNOW HIM WELL ENOUGH. I IMAGINE HE WALLOWED IN SEX AS AN EXCUSE NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.

YOU KNOW, NARCISSE, SOMETIMES I WONDER WHAT GOES ON IN THAT HEAD OF HIS. I ALMOST WONDER IF THE ONLY THINGS HE WON'T KILL ARE THOSE HE'LL SLEEP WITH.



WELL KINSKI, AT LEAST WE'RE NOT ON THE LIST TO BE KILLED.



LOOK, YOU ALL CAN KEEP DISCUSSING OUR OPTIONS...

I'M GOING OUT TO FIND PELOQUIN...



ELSEWHERE, THE SUBJECT OF
THE 'BREED' SPECULATION PROWLS.



PELOQUIN, LAST OF THE
QUARRIN, HUNTS, NOT FOR
FOOD OR SHELTER, BUT
VENGEANCE.



YESSS...
SO CLOSE--



---I CAN SMELL YOU,
YOU BASTARD. NO ESCAPE
FROM ME. NOT THIS TIME!

**THE ONE THAT
GOT AWAY**

MMM. NOT EVEN AN HOUR OLD. SWEET.

"PELOQUIN...?"

THREE HOURS AGO.

DAMNIT, PELOQUIN,
WHERE ARE YOU?

I'LL BE RIGHT
THERE, NARCISSE.
KEEP YOUR PANTS
ON.

==ZIP!

"OH PEL-LOQUIN?
ARE YOU HERE?"

I'LL BE BACK
AS SOON AS I'M
FINISHED KILLING
THAT MORON.

SO VERY LITTLE FROM
LIFE, DEAR PELOQUIN.
AH, BUT THE MESSIAH
HUMBLY REQUESTS
YOUR PRESENCE.

IT HAD BETTER
BE FOR DAMN
GOOD REASON

PERHAPS
I SHOULD GIVE
THE SAME ADVICE
TO YOU.

NOT IF YOU
DESIRE CONTINUED
EXISTENCE. NOW,
WHAT DO YOU WANT,
NARCISSE?

I'M HERE.
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

AND SO VERY
NICE TO SEE YOU
AS WELL,
PELOQUIN.

YOU KNOW I
WOULDN'T BOTHER
YOU IF IT WASN'T
IMPORTANT...

PELOQUIN, WE'VE
GOT A PROBLEM.
ONE OF THE 'BREED'
IS KILLING NATURALS
AND EATING THEM.
BAPHOMET'S LAWS
HAVE GOT TO BE
FOLLOWED IF...

NOT JUST ANY BREED,
CABAL, THIS IS A
BERSERKER!

AND NOT
JUST ANY
BERSERKER!
HE'S MINE!
HE'S MEAT!

WELL, YOU'RE
THE BEST TRACKER
WE HAVE, PELOQUIN.
I NEED YOU TO FIND
OUT WHICH OF US
HAS BEEN *DOWNED*...

HOW? I THOUGHT
THEY WERE ALL *KILLED*
BY THE *GENOCIDES*.

* IN JINAP — MARG.



I'VE BEEN AFTER
YOU FOR THREE HOURS.
BUT I'M GAINING ON
YOU, MEAT.



IT'S YOUR
TURN NEXT.



YOU'VE BEEN
NAUGHTY, TARGUL.
VERY NAUGHTY.



NOW IT'S
TIME TO PAY
THE PIPER.



SOMETIMES, IF HE TRIES
VERY HARD, HE CAN ALMOST
REMEMBER HIS NAME.

BUT, ONLY WHEN
HE'S BEEN SAID,
WHEN HE HAS THE
TASTE OF FRESH
MEAT IN HIS MOUTH,
TO WASH AWAY THE
TASTE OF ASHES
THAT HAS BEEN
THERE FOR AS
LONG AS HE CAN
REMEMBER.

SOMETIMES, HE CAN
REMEMBER THAT HIS
NAME WAS SOMETHING
LIKE TURTLE, OR TARKLE,
THEN IT FADES AWAY, AND
THE PAIN IS BACK.

IF HE COULD REMEMBER
ANYTHING ELSE, HE MIGHT
BE ABLE TO IGNORE THE
PAIN.

SOMETIMES, IF HE REMEMBERS
HOW TO REMEMBER, HE CAN
SEE HIS FACE. HE HAD A BEAU-
TIFUL FACE, LUSTROUS BLACK
SCALES, AND THE PROUDDEST
ANTLERS YOU COULD IMAGINE...

AHH, NOW HE FREED
FOR THE LADIES AND
GIRLS. NOW THEY
RESPONDED. NOW IS
ONE OF THOSE RARE TIMES,
WHEN HE CAN REMEMBER.

NOW IS ONE OF THE
EVEN RARER TIMES,
WHEN HE WISHES HE
COULD FORGET.

RAAARRCH

OH, NOW HE RAGES,
READY TO VENT HIS
ANGER ON THE WORLD.





JUST COINCIDENCE.
HE COULDN'T HAVE
DONE IT ON PURPOSE...



"...NOT AGAIN!"



HE COULDN'T
HAVE REMEMBERED.
HEH. HE CAN'T
EVEN REMEMBER
HIS NAME.



BUT I DO,
TARGUL...



...I'LL CARVE IT ON THE
TREE WHERE I LEAVE
YOUR MOLDY CORPSE.

KRAK

THE MEMORIES REFUSE TO
LEAVE HIM IN PEACE. HE
RUNS AND RUNS, BUT THEY
FOLLOW MERCILESSLY...

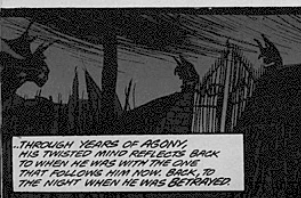
HE REMEMBERS
A BEING OF
AWESOME
BEAUTY, A GOD.

THROUGH THE HREE OF HUNGER
AND PAIN, HE CAN STILL HEAR
THE WORDS OF THE LEADER,
CONDEMNING THEM FOR THEIR
BREAKING OF THE LAWS.

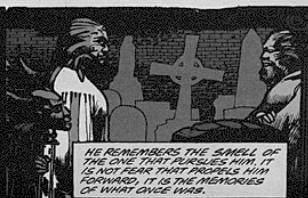
HE REMEMBERS THE GOD'S COMMAND,
NOT THE WORDS BUT THE INTENT. WHY
HE IS BANISHED HE NO LONGER RECALLS.
NOR WHY THE ONE WHO NOW FOLLOWS
HIM WAS NOT--

HE REMEMBERS AND
LONGS TO FORGET THE YEARS
OF ISOLATION, HIS ONLY
COMPANY CREATURES LIKE
HIMSELF. HE CAN REMEMBER
THAT THEY WERE ONCE LIKE
THE ONE'S THAT MOCK AND
CRINGE, ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE WALL.

HE REMEMBERS
STRIKING OUT...



...THROUGH YEARS OF AGONY,
HIS TWISTED MIND REFLECTS BACK
TO WHEN HE WAS WITH THE ONE
THAT FOLLOWS HIM NOW. BACK, TO
THE NIGHT WHEN HE WAS BETRAYED.



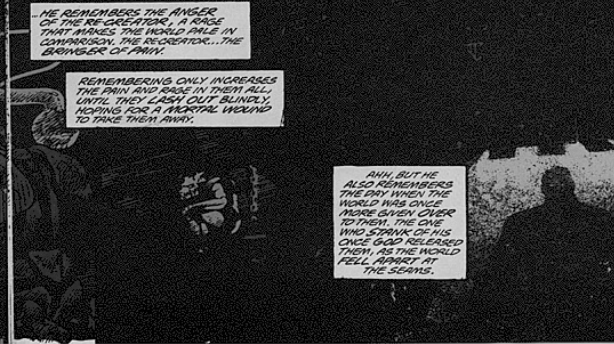
HE REMEMBERS THE SMELL OF
THE ONE THAT PURSUES HIM. IT
IS NOT FEAR THAT PROPELS HIM
FORWARD, IT IS THE MEMORIES
OF WHAT ONCE WAS.



HE REMEMBERS BLOOD AND
PAIN. HE REMEMBERS HIS
RETURN TO INDIAN, HIS ONCE
AND FUTURE HOME.

HE REMEMBERS THE ANGER
OF THE RE-CREATOR, A RAGE
THAT MAKES THE WORLD PALE IN
COMPARISON. THE RE-CREATOR...THE
BRINGER OF PAIN.

REMEMBERING ONLY INCREASES
THE PAIN AND RAGE IN THEM ALL,
UNTIL THEY LASH OUT BLINDLY,
HOPING FOR A MORTAL WOUND
TO TAKE THEM AWAY.



AHH, BUT HE
ALSO REMEMBERS
THE DAY WHEN THE
WORLD WAS ONCE
MORE GIVEN OVER
TO THEM. THE ONE
WHO STANK OF HIS
ONCE GOD RELEASED
THEM, AS THE WORLD
FELL APART AT
THE SEAMS.



THE NIGHT OF
FEEDINGS, THE
SWEET BLOOD
AND FLESH...

NO SOONER DID IT BEGIN,
THAN IT ENDED. AND IN
THE BRIGHT MORNING
LIGHT, THE BRINGER OF
PAIN CALLED TO THEM,
SUMMONING THEM TO
COME HOME TO HIM AGAIN.

SLOWLY, HE FELT HIMSELF
DRAWN TO THE OTHERS OF
HIS KIND. PERHAPS HE
WOULD HAVE GONE TO THEM,
STAYED WITH THEM...

THE PAIN WAS MADDENING,
BUT HE REFUSED TO GO. HE
WOULD NOT BE LOCKED
AWAY AGAIN. HE WOULD
FEED. HE WOULD REVEL IN
THE BLOOD OF ALL THAT
CROSSED HIS PATH.

NO MORE.

WE WILL REMEMBER
NO MORE.

IF HE HAD
BEEN GIVEN
THE TIME.

BUT HE WAS
TOO LATE TO
SAVE THEM.
TOO LATE.

HE WILL
FORGET
THE PAIN.
FORGET
THE FACES.
EVEN IF...

... EVEN IF HE HAS TO KILL THE
WORLD, JUST TO MAKE IT STOP

SCREEEARRGH









I DON'T KNOW
WHICH IS SLOWER
TARGUL, YOUR
BRAIN OR YOUR
BRAWN!

WEAPON.
I NEED A
WEAPON...

THUD



AARRGH!



NOT AGAIN.
NO WAY, HOU!

THUD



GRRR-UNK!

CRUNCH



OWWWRRRL!

PELOQUIN!

GUTCH!



NARCISSE?
THAT YOU?

GUH!
SONUVABITCH!



OH FINE!
IGNORE ME.
OBVIOUSLY I
KNOW WHERE I'M
NOT WANTED!



JUST ONE
MORE SECOND,
ONE MORE
SECOND...

...PLAY DEAD
ANOTHER
SECOND...



...LONG
ENOUGH TO
REACH...



... THERE!
NOW THEN...



OH,
TARGUL?



NO ESCAPE
YOU MISERABLE
LUMP OF...

... RIP YOUR
HEAD OFF!!!

THUNK
THUNK
THUNK

THUNK
THUNK
SPUNK

OUCH, THAT
LOOKS
PAINFUL...

GAS
O



BREAK EVERY BONE
IN YOUR BODY AND
SUCK THE ARROW!



AAAAARRRGHH!!

SPLINK
SPLOXT
SPLOSH



MOMMA ALWAYS TOLD ME
I'D MAKE A GOOD BOY SCOUT.
ALWAYS PREPARED. OH MY,
THAT IS RATHER GRAPHIC.



WELL, AT LEAST
~~SOMEBODY~~
REMEMBERED TO BRING
THE CLEANUP STUFF.

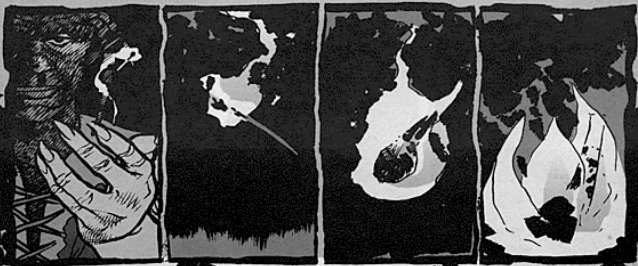
SPLAT

SONUVABITCH.
HUFF-HUFF DIDN'T
REALLY KNOW IF
I COULD DO IT.
BUT I DID! I WIN!

I, OF COURSE, HAD
NO DOUBT, PELOQUIN...

HERE, YOU
STRIKE THE
MATCH. THE
MOWER SHOULD
BE YOUNG.

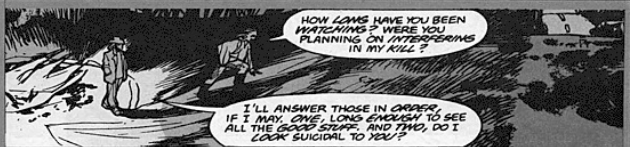
FSSSS



FBOOM



WE TALKED ABOUT WHETHER
OR NOT TO SEND SOMEONE AFTER
YOU. WHEN I WAS TALKED OF
TALKING, I DECIDED TO COME
AFTER YOU MYSELF.



HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN
WATCHING? WERE YOU
PLANNING ON INTERFERING
IN MY KILL?

I'LL ANSWER THOSE IN ORDER
IF I MAY. ONE, LONG ENOUGH TO SEE
ALL THE GOOD STUFF. AND TWO, DO I
LOOK SUICIDAL TO YOU?





SIR, BEFORE I CHANGED MY WICKED WAYS I WAS A FINE, ALBERT UNKNOWN, ACTOR. IT IS IN MY NATURE TO STUDY THE ACTIONS OF ALL THAT CROSS MY PATH.

HOW YOU WOUND ME, ASKING YOUR VILE QUESTION! TAKE THIS DAGGER FROM MY BLOODLESS HEART!



ROUND YON BEND, SIR, LIES A SMALL TRUCK STOP. I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF PERUSING THE ESTABLISHMENT BEFORE JOINING YOU ON YOUR MERRY HUNT. INSIDE, I FOUND A LARGE NUMBER OF RED-NECK ARMCHAIRS, AND LADIES OF LESS THAN MORAL STANDINGS.

WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH ENTERTAINMENT?



I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT WAS OBVIOUS. YOU HAVE WOMEN TO RAVAGE, AND MEN TO SAVAGE, AND BOTH IN THE SAME PLACE, WHAT MORE COULD YOU WANT?



HA HA HA HA... I LIKE THE WAY YOU THINK, NARCISSE. I DEFINITELY LIKE THE WAY YOU THINK.

NO, WAIT. WE CAN'T START ANY TROUBLES, THERE'S BEEN TOO MUCH GOING ON LATELY, WHAT WITH ALL THE DEATHS IN THIS AREA.

THAT COVERS ALL OF THE BASICS.

I CAN HEAR THE PROTESTS NOW, WE CAN'T START ANYTHING, AND YOU FORGOT TO BRING HEAD COVERINGS, AM I CORRECT?

PELOQUIN, YOU SHOULD LEARN TO HAVE MORE FAITH IN YOUR FRIENDS. DIDN'T I SAY THE ESTABLISHMENT WAS FILLED WITH HOMOPHOBIC COWBOYS?

I BROUGHT THIS ALONG WITH YOUR SPARE CLOTHES, I FEEL IT SHOULD FILL BOTH REQUIREMENTS SUITABLY. THOUGH, TO BE TRUTHFUL, I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU HAD IT IN THE FIRST PLACE.

IT BELONGED TO SASHA...

WELL THEN, ALL THE BETTER. HAVE FUN IN HER MEMORY.

HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA...

AFTER ALL, THE LAWS SAY NOTHING ABOUT DEFENDING YOURSELF...

WHICH SHALL IT BE, PELOQUIN... WOMEN AND THEN CARNAGE, OR CARNAGE AND THEN WOMEN?

CARNAGE FIRST, THEN THE WOMEN. A BREED'S GOT TO HAVE HIS PRIORITIES...

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

HE FEELS HIS UNNATURAL LIFE BURN AWAY, AND IS GRATEFUL... ONCE HE HAS A WOMAN WHO LATER BECAME A NIGHTBREED AND EXPERIENCED ALL THERE WAS TO EXPERIENCE OF PLEASURE...

AND THEN CRUEL LIFE TOOK ALL PLEASURE FROM HIM, LEAVING ONLY PAIN. THE PAIN IS GONE NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ALL OF HIS FADED MEMORIES, HE KNOWS PEACE. HE KNOWS THE VOID OF DEATH AND HE IS CONTENT.



THE ONE THAT
GOT AWAY!